

BOB D. LITTERELL

SOUVENIRS DE MADAME BISHOP.

RECUEIL

d'Airs, Cavatines, Ballades,

Chansonnettes ETC. ETC.

*chantés et humblement dédiés à*

SA MAJESTÉ

LA REINE DE DANNEMARK

PAR

Madame M. Bishop

*Les accompagnemens de Piano et Harpe sont par*

N. C. BOCHSA.

COPENHAGUE,

chez C. C. Lose & Olsen.

## "Je suis la Bayadère"

Allegretto scherzando.  $\times$  Gayment.

Chansonnette composée par N. C. Bochsa.

Voce.

Piano :  
Forte  
ou  
Harpe.

Je suis la Baya-de-re dont le gai Tambourin -

tra la la la tra la la la la la la la la et la danse le gère tra la la la la la

dolce.

ritard: a tempo.

la la bannissent bannissent le cha-grin je suis la Baya-de-re dont le gai

ritard: a tempo. Gayment.

Tambourin et la danse le gère - - bannissent le cha-grin tra la la la la la

colla voce.

a tempo.



dolce.

la la la la la la Enfant des bords du Gan - - - ge le plaisir

*f* Fine. *p*

est ma loi - - - ve - nez et qu'on se ran - - - ge en cer - cle

*pp* *cresc:*

près de moi tra la la la la la tra la la la la - - -

*pp* *tr* *dimin:*

la *ad libit:* *All.<sup>o</sup>* *dimin:* ri - tar - dan - do. *stringendo.* *ritard:*  
car je suis, oui, je suis, je suis la Baya - dè - re, car

*ritard:* *f* a piacere.

# "John Anderson, my Jo."

Moderato.

Ballade Ecossaise.

Voce.

Piano =

Forte.

John  
John

An - derson, my Jo, John, when nature first be - gan to try her canny  
An - derson, min troe John, jeg si - ger det for sand: Na - tu - rens Mester -

hand, John, her masterwork was Man, and you among them a John, sae  
- styk - ke, det var den stærke Mand; og Du min John, i - blandt dem fra

trig frae top to toe she prov'd to be nae jour - ney work, John Anderson - my  
Top til Taa saa skjön at stolt sit Værk hun sku - - ed, John Anderson - min





2.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
 When we were first acquaint  
 Your locks were like the raven  
 Your bonny brow was brent  
 But now y're growing old, John,  
 Your locks are like the snow  
 Jet blessings on your frosty frow  
 John Anderson, my Jo.

3.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill together  
 And mong a canty day, John,  
 W'ere had we ane anither  
 Now we mann totter down John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go  
 And sleef togither at the foot  
 John Anderson, my Jo.

2.

John Anderson, min troe John,  
 Da först Du mödte mig  
 Din Lok var sort som Rannen,  
 Frit hvælved Panden sig.  
 Nu er Din Lok som Sneen,  
 Din Vaar er svunden hen,  
 Men Gud Din Vinter signe vil  
 John Anderson, min Ven!

3.

John Anderson, min troe John,  
 Naar Morgensol stod op  
 Vi Haand i Haand den hilste  
 Paa Fjeldets høi'ste Top;  
 Nu vakle vi nedad, John!  
 Men kjærligt som forhen  
 Og ved dets Fod vi sove vil  
 John Anderson, min Ven!

## "The last rose of summer."

Andantino.

(Den sidste Rose.)

Ballade Irlandaise.

Voce.

Piano:

Forte.

'Tis the  
Sidste

dolce.

last rose of summer left blooming a lone, all her lovely com-  
 Ro - se, hvi blomstrer saa eensom Du her, Di - ne yn - di - ge

-- panions are fa - - - ded and gone; No flower of her kindred, no  
 Söstre hen - fal - - - me - de er, de duf - ten - de Frænder ei

Rose - bud is nigh - - -, to re - fleet back her blushes, or  
 meer er Dig nær - - som rød - men - de hviske vi

mf



give sigh for sigh!  
ha - - - ve. Dig kjær.

*mf*

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! to pine on the  
I Gra - ven at slumre er be - - dre for

stem; since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with  
vist, end een - som at sidde sørg - mo - dig paa

them; Thus kind - ly I scatter thy leaves o'er the  
Qvist, thi læg - ger jeg kjærligt paa Lei - - et Dig

bed - where thy mates of the garden lie scent-less and dead.  
ned - blandt el - ske - de Dø-de Du hvi - - le i Fred.

*p*

